KNAVE

VOLUME 21
NUMBER 6

DENMARK D.Kr. 34.00
ITALY Lire 6000
GERMANY DM 16
FINLAND Mkk. 18.60
SPAIN Ptas. 575
AUSTRIA Sch. 135
SWEDEN Sek. 30.80
CANADA $4.95

£1.60

EPIC SEX IN THE MOVIES!

PLUS GET SET FOR FLAMING JUNE

WITH 7 HOT & HORNY KNAVE GIRLS!

VOL. 21 NO. 6

KNAVE

| 4 |
KNIGHT SIGHT
Sir Porkalot's fancies

| 7 |
PENPOWER
Knave's naughty mail bag

| 8 |
SHELLEY
Photographed by Austin Legrew

| 16 |
TEST DRIVE
Catch a Corrado . . .

| 23 |
CANDY
Photographed by Geoff Hayes

| 30 |
SLUG
Caveman capers

| 37 |
ALEX
Photographed by Aja Bufka

| 44 |
SEX IN THE FILM EPIC
More cinematic exposures . . .

| 50 |
LOIS
Photographed by Nick Gurgul

| 60 |
VIEWFINDER
The Knave entertainment guide

| 67 |
MANDY
Photographed by Kirton Lindsay

| 74 |
MEATBURGERS
Knave fiction

| 84 |
SAMANTHA
Photographed by Nikki Downey

| 101 |
GILLIAN
Amateur Model of the Month

Editor • Rupert Metcalf
Assistant Editor • David Spenser **Editorial Assistant** • Nicki Cohen
Art Editor • Ian Bresolin
Assistant Art Editor • Bianca Saville **Designer** • Al Buck
Graphic Artists • Cathy Williams and Penny Hillier
Studio Manager/Photographer • Andy Morgan
Set Designer • Steve Pratchett **Stylist** • Tracey Nicholls

Published monthly by Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ. Fiction: all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead. Typeset and **PRINTED IN ENGLAND**. Origination by Positive Colour Ltd., Essex. Distribution by SM Distribution Ltd., London. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade, except at the full retail price of £1.60; and that it shall not be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever. Editeur responable pour la Belgique: Mr. J.A. Deelen, Grand-Bru 20/Y, Durbuy, Belgique. All contributions including colour transparencies and photographs submitted to the magazine are sent at the owner's risk and while every care is taken, neither Galaxy Publications Ltd., nor its agents accept liability for loss or damage. © Copyright Galaxy Publications Ltd., 1989.

ABC
ISSN 0265-1289

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY NICK GURGUL

Knight Sight

Good Morrow, serfs! Welcome to Knight Sight, the bit where I have my say about the lusty young wenches you will shortly feast your eyes upon. Oh, pardon me, I haven't even introduced myself yet! My name is Sir Porkalot, cousin to the aptly named Sir Lancealot, knight in tarnished armour, drunken oaf, and a true Knave. All you loyal subjects out there need someone of incredible sexual prowess and embarrassingly large genitalia to lead you through this veritable forest of fanny and point out the best pieces of foliage . . . So I must take myself in hand, and pass my semi-Royal judgement on the luscious ladies. Bring on the women!

FRUITY BEAUTY

I am not sure that I shall ever grow accustomed to these strange modern times, you know. When the Pictish Assistant Editor, Sir Neverhad, asked me if I fancied a quick snoop at Alex, stark naked in the photographic studio, I can tell you I was outraged. In my day, I told him, we would have roasted chaps like him at the stake before you could say barbecue sauce. It was not until I had given the varlet a good thraping with my second best mace that the information emerged that Alex was, in fact, a female.

She is the one partially draped in pink, against a background and rogering - type furniture of a similar hue. My favourite colour, I hardly need say. It seems that Alex hails from the land called America, in a region where oranges grow in profusion – though it's her frontal fruits that I'm more interested in. We never had anything like this on the crusades. Not that I went, you understand, I mean, someone had to stay behind and...er . . . protect the womenfolk from Knavish characters.

BEAR OR BARE?

It is a little known, but entirely true fact that Sir Gutto 'souvenirs' for himself the knickers worn by his favourite models in sets shot in the Galaxy studios, clips out the gussets and affixes them to the cork notice board behind his desk. It is, as far as is known, the world's only pheromonal scratch 'n' sniff collage. Lately, however, servants have been amazed to see him diving into his Gladstone bag – he likes to travel 'undercover' as a gynaecologist which, apparently, is a job involving the study of maidens' vaginal regions, no less – and inhaling deeply, his nose applied to the nether portions of a child's teddy bear. To set minds at rest, the picture of two-tone blonde, candy-shirted Samantha explains all. Ageing teddy boys need not apply as stand-ins.

PANTY LINES

One thing which does seem to have improved over the centuries is the erotic nature of female nether garments, even if they do take a little getting used to. Take, for example, the black hosiery and suspender-belt device worn by the prone brunette, Lois. (In fact, I should not say this, lest I be construed literally by the Assistant Editor of Fiesta who may physically take them as an example and thus further indulge his penchant for cross-dressing.)

Lois's high-heeled shoes, too, are a revelation to those of us born in less sophisticated times, who would have taken them on sight as a fey instrument of torture. The effect, it must be said, is stunning. Or, as the *Avalon Evening Telegraph and Argus* might have put it: 'Phew, what a skorkler!'

SWEET TOOTH

So many new things to learn. Barely had I become acquainted with the idea that 'candy' was an expression from across the Atlantic Ocean meaning sweetmeats, than I learned that we were taking photographs of it for the readers of this lewd sheet to gawp at, and – if I caught the Editor's phrase correctly – get their sticks of rocks off. Massaging the pork pikestaff over pictures of bullseyes and humbugs? Surely some misapprehension.

Of course, it transpired that Candy was the kname of one of Knave's knaughty knubiles – the one wearing a white bodice in the modern style of underclothing and pointing her pert buttocks towards the viewer. Egad – a sweet mouthful indeed. And time now, methinks, to research the phrase 'candyfloss' . . .

SNIFFERS' WEEKLY

Ye gods and little fishes, I thought that I was the one here who had arrived via what you followers of the banner of valiant Captain Kirk call a 'time warp' – yet observe Mistress Shelley, if you please. She is the damsel perched before the red, white and black motif which would be more at home on a poster for *Espresso Bongo* – an incomprehensible moving picture from the Nineteen Fifties. What a century you live in!

I asked the Assistant Editor about this heraldic design and he offered me a riddle. 'What,' quoth he, 'is black and white and red all over?' Not to be caught out by such an old chestnut, I quickly responded: 'Easy – the *Avalon Evening Telegraph and Argus*, your super soaraway parchment; motto, 'tittes – we gottem''. Not so, replied the villein, 'it is the Art Editor's flashback from a cow-gum sniffing trip'. In my day we'd have slapped him in the stocks for less. Especially if we'd understood what on earth he was wittering on about.

Knight Sight

If you reckon that you have any funny press cuttings for my column, why not sendeth them in. We pay £20 sterling for every one published! Send them to: Knight Sight, Knave, PO Box 312, Witham, Essex, CM8 3SZ.

RECORDED ENTRY

I had always expected to be immortalised in ballad, so it came as no shock, but nevertheless was pleasantly reassuring to find that the twentieth century had recalled my famous merry band of 'Knights in White Satin' on a vinyl gramophone disc. The Editor of this organ, Sir Gutto of the House of Beer, tells me the device can only be played with a needle of some sort, and took umbrage when I suggested he used his genital extremity to demonstrate for me.

Mandy is not on white but rather deep blue satin, much the colour that my niece, the Lady Lovelace turned when attempting oral gratification on Baron Salami of Naples. Still, I am not a fellow to be put off by such quibbles. White, blue – who gives a cameleopard's dick for the colour of the sheets when there's rumpy-pumpy in the offing. And judging by the way Mandy's hand is making a pilgrimage to her quim, rumour of the breadth of the Porkalot sword precedes me. Time to grease my sheath, methinks.

GLOWING REPORTS

Strange days indeed! I discover from what pass in this century for newspapers that a scientist from the Midlands has proposed that dogs should be fed on substances which make their turds glow in the dark. Apparently there is a sea microbe which could be incorporated into the hounds' nosh and which would turn their droppings luminous, thus rendering the stuff visible in the hours between dusk and dawn.

***O tempora, o mores,* as some Roman pillock once said, adding to the list of nonsense I was supposed to learn as a lad at knight school when I would rather have been getting in a spot of . . . er . . . weapons training. Roughly translated, this means 'what are you futuristic pillocks up to?' Why should anyone want to find dog-logs after nightfall? Do you collect them and pile them on your suburban rose-beds or what? Perhaps you eat the buggers – I would put nothing past twentieth century man since I sampled a quarter-pounder with dill pickle and fries.**

The gist of the report, if I understood it correctly, is that this councillor chappie (mad alchemists on the local moot – what next?) is one of many who have tired of treading in squelchy things during a new moon, and would both like to see them in order to perform a slalom run through without soiling their shoes, and to embarrass the owners of the curs responsible.

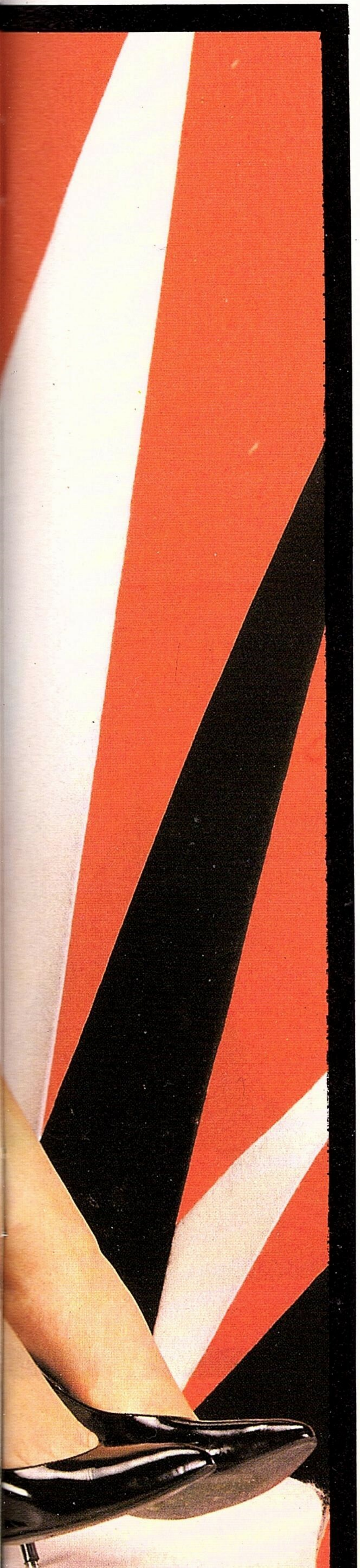
I know you high-tech supercilious whippersnappers regard my native middle-ages as uncivilised, but surely we had a better answer than this. Embarrass scurvy varlets whose dogs shat underfoot? Pah! We'd have given them a fucking great kick up the arse! So much for progress.

TAXING TEMPTRESS

Spread out across materials of silver and black, and wearing habit for which I could barely guess at the names, is this month's Amateur Model, Gillian Evans. This physically wholesome wench is, I understand, a 'civil servant', which apparently means a scribe who helps the barons to collect their taxes. Pah! How could a delicious damsel lend her services to such a despicable cause?

The idea of an 'amateur' temptress is a new one to me. In erstwhile times the amateur was a lover of his or her craft, dedicated to more traditionally artistic pursuits such as painting or music. Which reminds me – I wonder if I could persuade Gillian to take lessons in playing the pink hautboy. Under my tutelage, of course . . .

Shelley



"I recognise her!" Exclaimed the near-sighted Editor of *Fester,* as he raked through our pile of lovelies, searching vainly for ugly women to put in his own rag. And he was right, Shelley, as the more observant reader will know, was the Amateur Model in our Christmas Issue, way back in the halcyon days of 1988. Since then, her career has really taken off, and now she resides in France, a fully fledged professional model. That's France, the small village just outside Basingstoke . . .

Photographed by Austin Legrew

FA
FU

Getting seriously close to upsetting his Munich-born brother-in-law, CRISPIN PARTRIDGE gives the Knave treatment to Volkswagen's superlative Corrado G60, the fastest thing to come out of Germany since Boris Becker's right arm. (I think he mentioned the war once but he got away with it – Ed.)

If Hitler was alive today he would drive a Volkswagen Corrado. Don't laugh: the statement isn't as silly as it sounds. Just match up great national figures of the past with the man-in-the-street-mobiles currently being turned out by their respective countries. Picture Mussolini in a 16valve Fiat Tipo, De Gaulle in a hot BX. Check out the redoubtable Joe Stalin in a Lada Samara five-door, The Stranglers' "Get a grip on yourself" blaring from the Philips stereo. Close your eyes and you can almost see that old devil Franco, wending his way across the Castillian countryside in a SEAT Ibiza GLX. If nothing else, matching autos and autocrats is a good way to eat up a few secs while waiting for the traffic lights to change — though we have to admit the whole theory does fall kind of flat at the thought of Sir Winston Churchill smoking his fifty foot cigar from the driver's seat of a Datsun Bluebird.

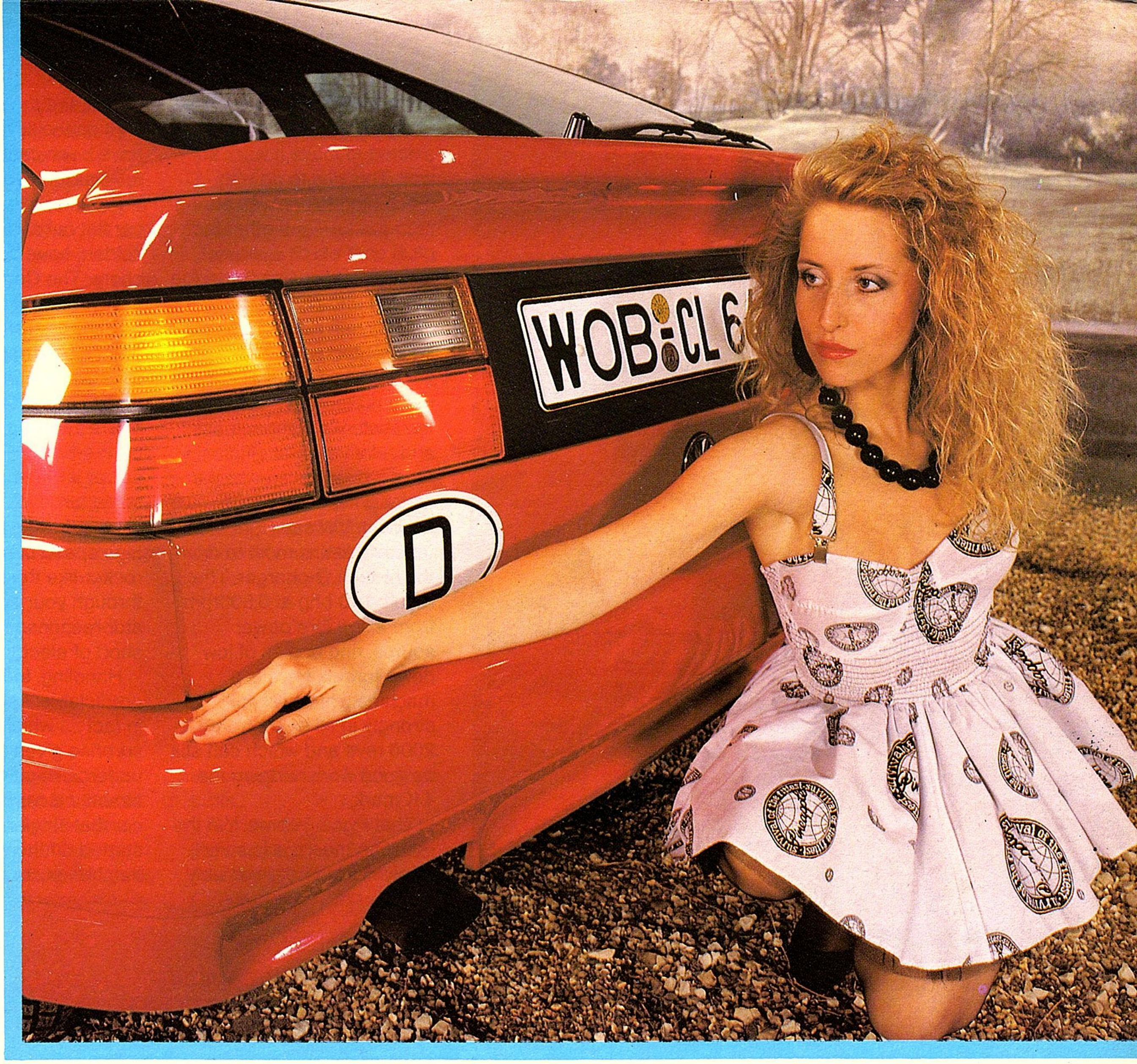
ST AND HRERIOUS

In a segment where the prime requirements are for two doors, sporting performance and a price tag of under £20,000, contenders are just as likely to come with a smattering of 'OK' stickers and a chassis stamped "Made in Nippon", as they are with 130mph performance and bloodcurdling acceleration. As fans of this column will confirm, Toyota's Celica and Supra, the Mazda RX7 and the muscular Mitsubishi Starion are all fine examples of the breed. Occidental challengers, on the other hand, are about as common as born-again Christians at an acid house party.

The few remaining Euro 'super coupés' (most notably VW's own Scirocco, and the antiquated Alfa Sprint), are too slow and too advanced in years to offer a serious challenge to the svelte Eastern firebreathers. The only serious 'homegrown' alternative, the Porsche 944, is somewhat expensive at over £26,000, and is no spring chicken itself. Looking at how the market stacks up, it is difficult to see how a sensibly priced, but genuinely sporty Euro alternative could fail. This is particularly true in the States, which will prove an important testing ground for our red-hot Vee-Wee.

Volkswagen describes its front-wheel-drive machine as its first "full blooded" sports car ('Corrado' apparently being derived from the Spanish for 'to sprint'), but in truth there is more of the sophisticated sporting coupé about its fastest and most expensive creation yet. Eschewing the extrovert overstyling of the Mitsubishi and the Ameri-

G60
WOB CL 640



canised Supra, designer 'Herbie' Schafer has gone instead for simplicity, getting there through smooth functional panels, and body colour badges. The only concession to extraneous speed-related addenda is an automatically extending rear spoiler. This comes into play at about 45mph, but ducks down into the tailgate at speeds below 12mph to give the driver a fighting chance when reversing. A gimmick? Volkswagen say not. The company points out that the thing helps keep the tail down at high speeds. Fine, but the way it works has to be seen to be believed, and it doesn't do a lot for the car's already suspect rearward visibility.

Some idea of the machine's stubby dimensions can be gleaned from the fact that it is a good 95 mm lower than a Golf, 29 mm wider than the Scirocco, and virtually identical in length to VW's ageing coupé. With its heavy C-pillar, flat nose and stocky profile — drag co-efficient 0·32 — the new car does bear a certain resemblance to Italian style master Guigiaro's designs for the original Scirocco (the model Corrado was originally intended to replace until the bosses at VW decided to take the whole project upmarket and create a second model line). The car may not be beautiful but it certainly looks like it means business.

VW's AOR (Adult Orientated Rocketship) contender comes in two forms. The one we managed to get our mitts on is the supercharged Corrado G60, a catalyst-equipped variant which is currently available here only as a left-hooker but which should reach the UK in RHD guise before the Autumn. Top speed is 140 mph, and the car will set you back close on £19,000. This runs only on unleaded fuel. For those who want the same show without the same go, there is a cheaper, non-supercharged 16 valve version built specially for 'dirty' countries like England and

"ITS 133MPH IS QUICKER THAN THE IDENTICAL GOLF."

Spain. By this we mean countries where unleaded fuel is still in relatively short supply.

Nevertheless, it has many of the virtues of the more expensive car. Corrado 16 V uses the 'house' multi-valver pinched from the 16 valve Golf (and also seen briefly in the unsuccessful Scirocco 16 V). You can pick this one up for about £3000 less than big brother G60, but you'll lose out in the equipment stakes (there's no sunroof, power windows or cow hide), and, of course, in terms of performance, though its 133 mph top is a fair bit quicker than the identically engined Golf. In terms of acceleration, the magic zero to sixty occupies about 9secs compared with the 8-or-so for the superfast G60.

In other words neither version is a heel-dragger. It is, though, the G-lader powered flagship (it takes its name from the G-shaped magnesium alloy spirals within the charger's alluminium casing), which scoops the technical plaudits. The decision to stick in a supercharger was taken for one main reason: its advantages over the equivalent small turbo engine. Though the basic principle is not new, VW says that never before has the technology existed to make it work so well. This has to do with machining tolerances during manufacture and other technical stuff which even ex-Lego engineer Cris Partridge doesn't understand.

The main advantages to Joe Punter over earlier supercharger units like the famous Rootes blower are the system's compactness and relatively fuel efficiency. Also, it doesn't represent a major power drain on its own account: VW says that it takes 12 kW at most to drive the hi-tech G-charger. The result: 160 bhp at 5,600rpm from a 1·8 litre power source, and oodles of low-down torque. Here is a machine which will pull strongly in all gears from 2000 revs and which can still do good work nudging the 4 K mark.

That's going some. Yet the resulting machine is surprisingly civilised. As was ably demonstrated on the both the rolling German autobähnen and the rolling dirt tracks around Knave HQ, the powerhouse performance of the G60 does not come at the expense of aural integrity or a predictable front end, (though VW are well aware that any future developments above 160 bhp — the long-awaited narrow angle RV6 engine for example — would present very obvious traction problems). This, however, together with the anticipated four-wheel-drive and cabriolet versions, are well in the future, and the revolutionary RV6 especially is known to have been causing the Volks folks all kinds of problems.

For the moment, driving a car flat out at 140 mph can seldom have been less of a chore. The Corrado just goes and goes. Nail down the power pedal and the power comes on smooth and progressive, inviting you to press on and on up the rev band. There's none of the whack-on-the-back-of-the-head power imput experienced in some turbo jobs, though kicking the throttle abruptly at high speed can send a rocket-like thud surging through your spuds. Accelerator response is nothing short of electric.

Handling, too, is safe and predictable. Almost GTi-like in fact . . . which is no real surprise given that the undercarriage was lifted almost piecemeal from the car that singlehandedly started off the whole hot-hatchback craze. Spring, damper and anti-roller rates have all been modified. The ride of the new car tends to reflect the emphasis on directional control and ultimate stability, but it's still pretty supple by the class standard. There's a fair amount of body roll but nothing to unsettle the driver. Steering is excellent — direct and reasonably well weighted. Just point and shoot.

About the only impediment to sporting progress is a gearbox which appears to baulk half-way through the 'change'; the company says

that the early production status of the Knave car may have been the chief culprit, though similar experiences with the latest Passat cable shift do tend to suggest that VW is, sadly, no longer the master of the slick cog swap. In its Corrado home, one always gets the feeling that there is some demon spirit lurking inside the gearbox with a different opinion as to where the lever should go!

A shame, because even if you aren't turned on by the looks, you can't help but admire the way in which the rootin' tootin' Teuton squares up to its Far Eastern rivals. The sporting but functional quality of the exterior and powertrain reflect this, as does the car's interior. It may not be the best lebensraum around, but our VW's cockpit certainly doesn't come on with the tart's boudoir touches shown by some of its Japanese adversaries. And shoot my kids if the car's designers haven't made some effort to brighten up the usual Black Hole of Calcutta VW interior. In the past, Volkswagen have been to bright and airy cabins what Sweeney Todd was to nouveau cuisine.

Certainly, layout and design reflect some of the lessons learned in putting together the living quarters of the new Passat (which it obviously resembles), though in absolute terms the Corrado cabin still misses a few tricks, most obviously with regard to lightness of touch. This tends to be emphasised by the car's high waistline. That said, there are still enough VW trademarks — the stark black and white instrumentation, the dark fascia and that oh-so-solid construction — to endear it to true devotees of the marque. Switchgear is as chunky as a trucker's snack choc, seating firm and supportive in the German tradition. And there is plenty of room in the cockpit for two fleshy parcels of humankind.

Rearward, the car is no less a 2+2 than many of its Japanese rivals. The guilty parties are limited leg-room and the abrupt nature of the curved tail section, (which can occasion the odd bout of impromptu headbanging by taller passengers on the plastic strip crowning the leading edge of the rear 'screen). Baggage space is good by the class standard; the Alp-like loading sill shouldn't be to much of a deterrent to sporting coupé buffs.

"PLENTY OF ROOM IN THE COCKPIT FOR TWO FLESHY PARCELS OF HUMANKIND."

For the UK, the plan is to provide an initial 2500 cars a year once both models (RHD G60 and 16V) are freely available (i.e. from this August). The split between G60s and 16Vs will be roughly 50:50. The Milton Keynes importer sees the car playing a dual role, raking in substantial profits on its own account, but at the same time enhancing showroom traffic for the manufacturer both at home and overseas, by endorsing the company's credentials as a producer of performance machinery proper. In other words, the theory is that punters going in to look at the G60 might well come out having signed up for a Polo, Scirocco or Golf. Sounds unlikely but it works. Whether the masterplan will pay off in Britain, only time will tell. The Corrado has been on sale here less than six months, and while all the signs are promising, it is difficult to predict whether the car really can establish a sporting mantle for the company. The long term success of the model will depend largely on whether the likely audience for the machine can swallow the idea of a Volkswagen (rather than, say, an Audi) with a £19,000 price tag.

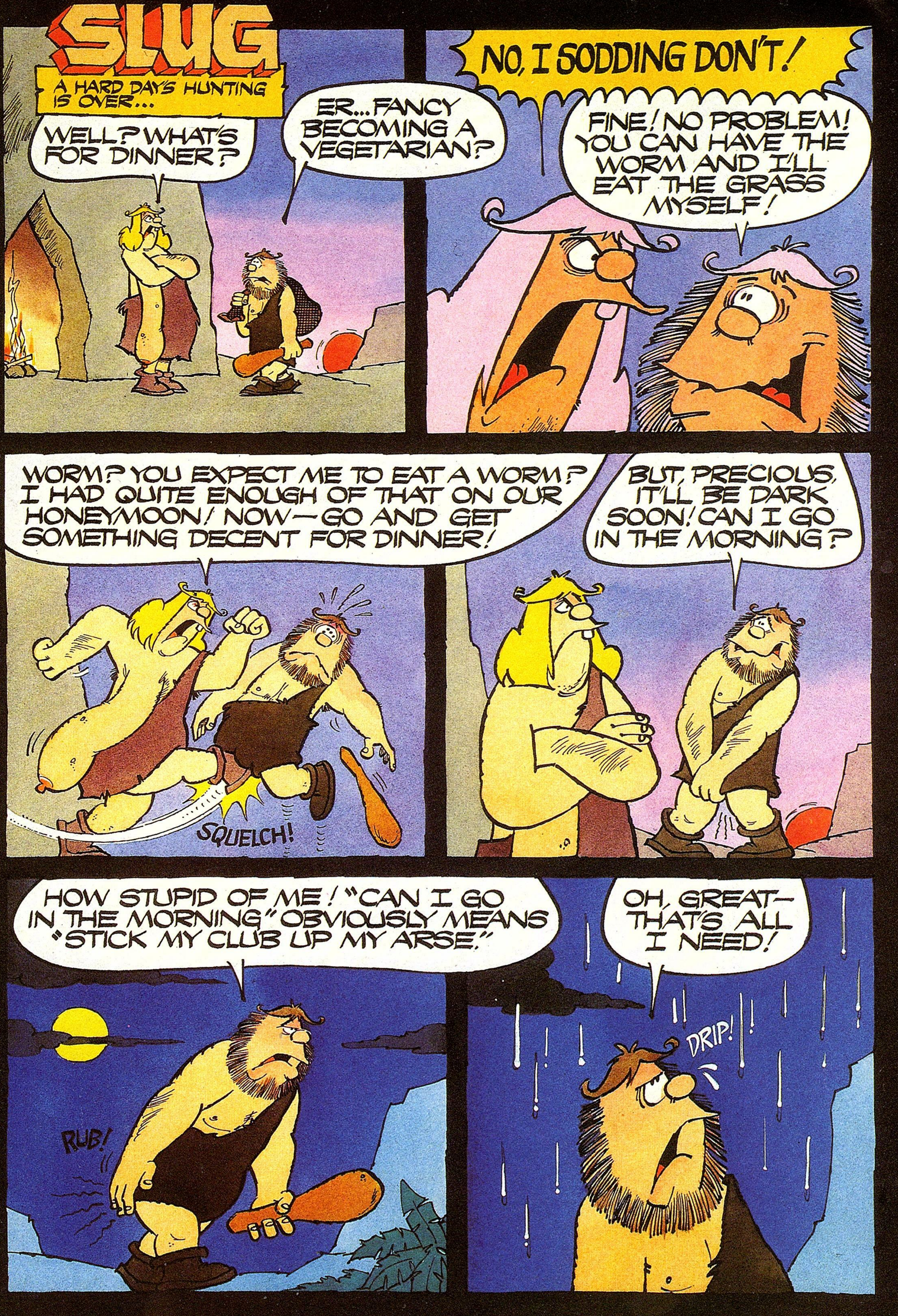
If the importer can convince the moneyed man in the street that the G60's deportment and mechanicals warrant what is, after all, a pretty substantial outlay for a Volkswagen and can overcome the "peoples' car" connotations of the VW badge, the Corrado could well herald the beginning of a European "junior supercar" revival. All it needs is a few more manufacturers with the courage and foresight of the German company . . . and an early injection of pro-Continental buying loyalty on the part of the great European motoring public. Old Adolf would be proud. What a pity the old duffer never learned to drive . . .

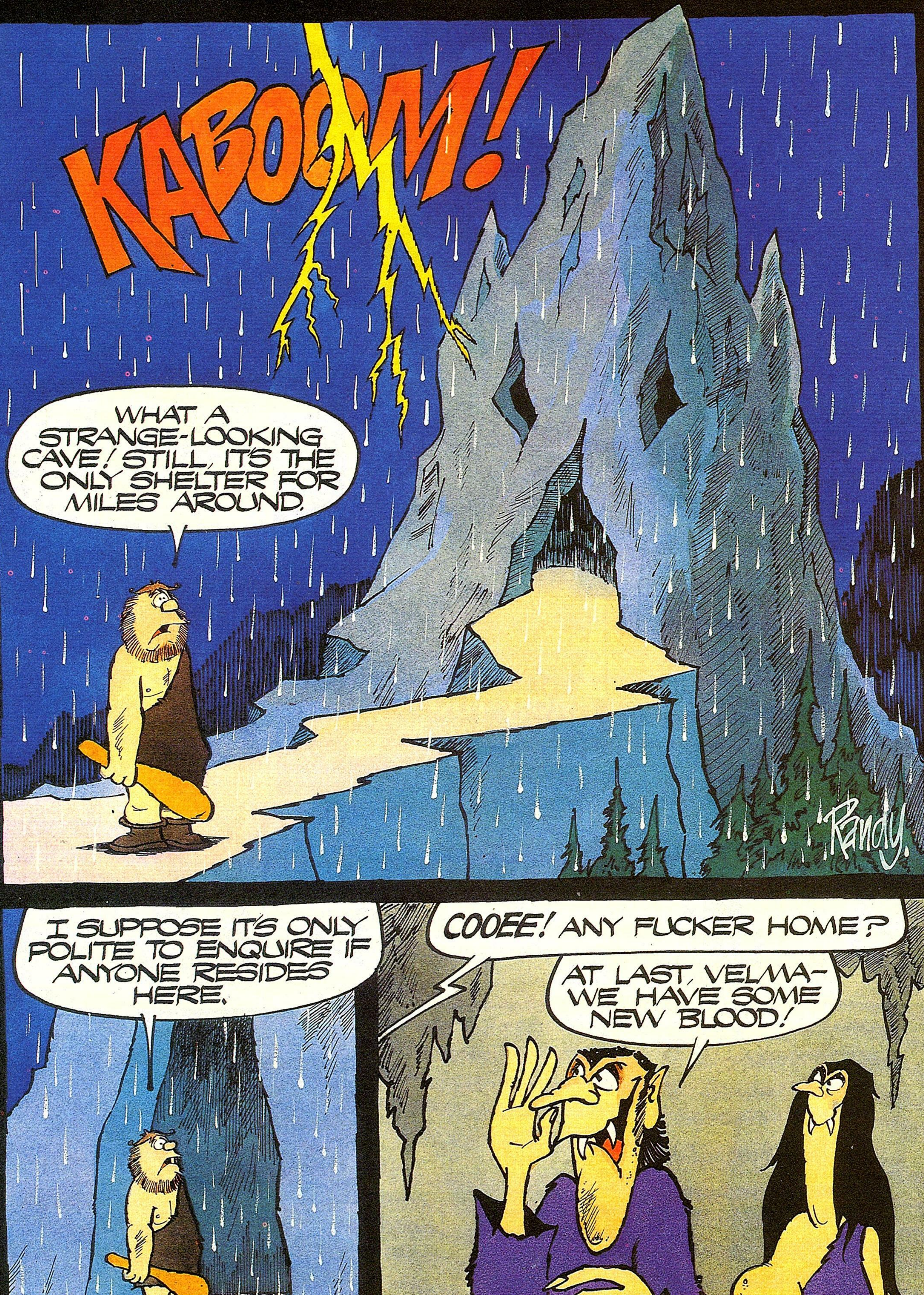
Photographs by Andy Morgan

CANDY

What can you say about Candy that hasn't already been said in Vol.21 No.3, her last appearance? Well quite a lot, actually, since the last blurb concentrated mainly on the prospect of giving her a brisk rub down after she had finished working out. It really is pathetic, I mean look at her, okay, so she's absolutely gorgeous, but you'd hardly crawl a mile over broken glass just to come in her shadow . . . what, she's coming up the stairs right now? Quick! Start smashing those bottles!

Photographed by Geoff Hayes


SLUG
A HARD DAY'S HUNTING IS OVER...
WELL? WHAT'S FOR DINNER?
ER...FANCY BECOMING A VEGETARIAN?
NO, I SODDING DON'T!
FINE! NO PROBLEM! YOU CAN HAVE THE WORM AND I'LL EAT THE GRASS MYSELF!
WORM? YOU EXPECT ME TO EAT A WORM? I HAD QUITE ENOUGH OF THAT ON OUR HONEYMOON! NOW—GO AND GET SOMETHING DECENT FOR DINNER!
SQUELCH!
BUT, PRECIOUS, IT'LL BE DARK SOON! CAN I GO IN THE MORNING?
HOW STUPID OF ME! "CAN I GO IN THE MORNING" OBVIOUSLY MEANS "STICK MY CLUB UP MY ARSE."
RUB!
OH, GREAT— THAT'S ALL I NEED!
DRIP!

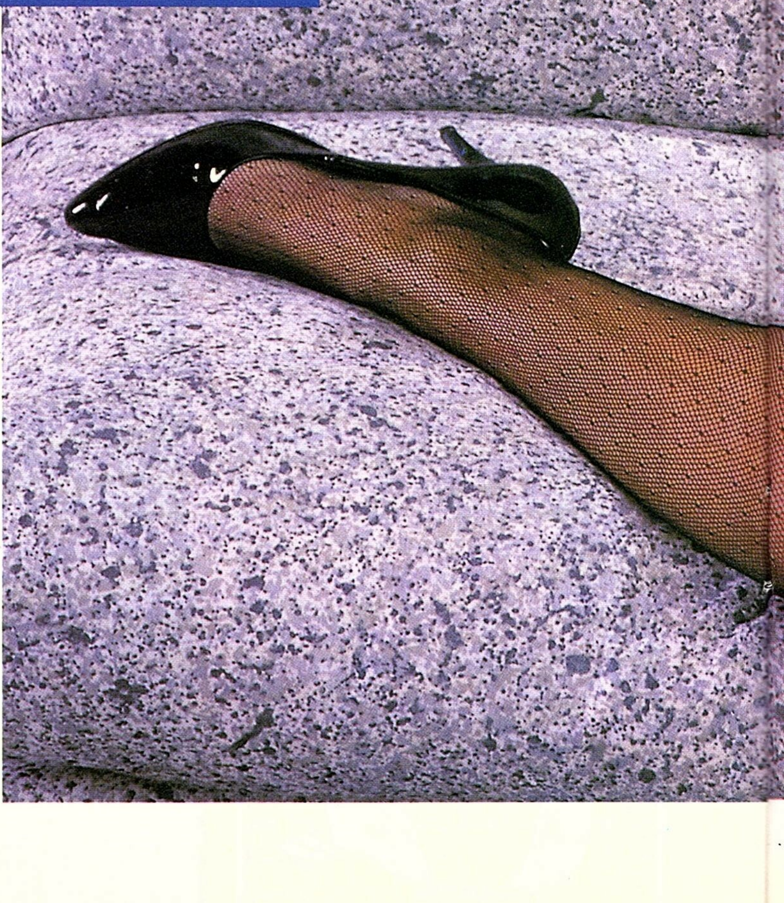

KABOOM!
WHAT A STRANGE-LOOKING CAVE! STILL, IT'S THE ONLY SHELTER FOR MILES AROUND.
Randy
I SUPPOSE IT'S ONLY POLITE TO ENQUIRE IF ANYONE RESIDES HERE.
COOEE! ANY FUCKER HOME?
AT LAST, VELMA- WE HAVE SOME NEW BLOOD!

NEXT MONTH:- SLUG DROPS IN FOR A BITE.

Alex

It doesn't take a genius to take one look at Alex, here, and divine that she is an American. Okay, so the embarrassingly stupid Editor of *XS* pronounced that she probably came from Nottingham, but then he's pretty low on the food chain anyway. In fact, Alex comes from Florida, and is the type of girl you see wandering around on Miami Vice. Her father is a big orange grower, and has a large freeholding near Fort Lauderdale. And no, I promise not to make any jokes about Alex being a big melon grower. Damn! It slipped out!

Photographed by Aja Bufka



Yes, he's done it again, the mad Art Editor – yes, he who edits all the art *out* of Knave – has forced us (okay, there was no need to force) to bring back Lois, last seen in Vol. 21 Number 3. It's appalling that someone should have so much control over an organ of free speech. Mind you, I do recall El Gutto slipping him a ten pound note to make sure Lois made a speedy re-appearance. No, he would never be a party to bribery. It was probably a fiver.

LOIS

Photographed by Nick Gurgul

KNAVE

LOIS

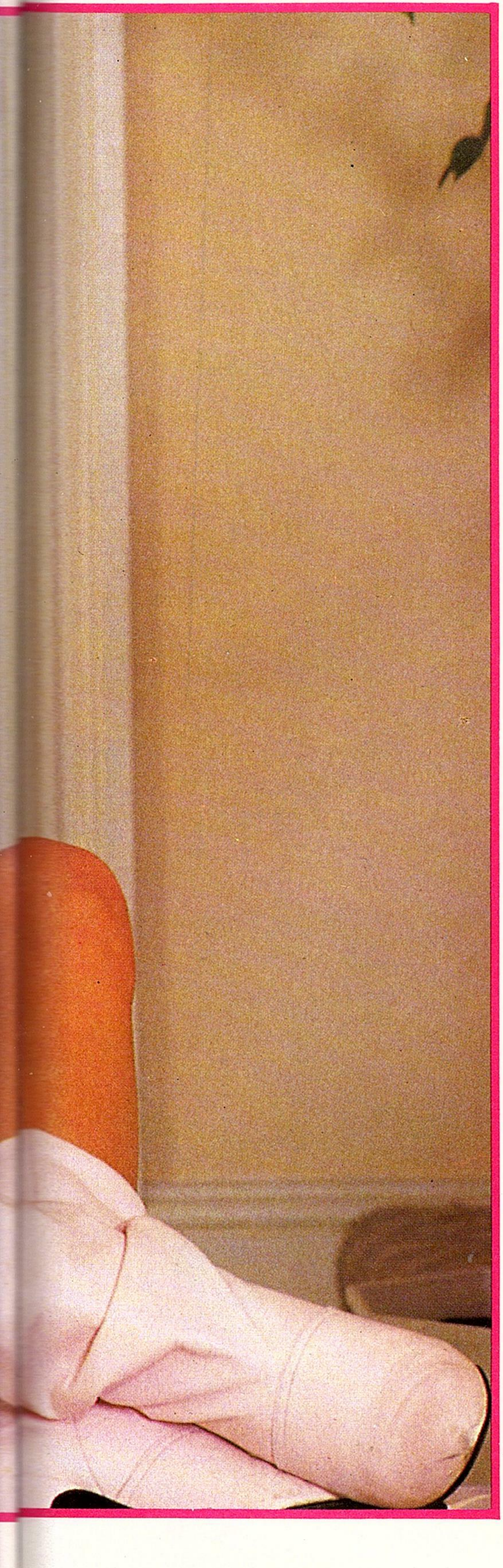
MANDY

Another girl who made an appearance in our Christmas Issue in 1988 was Mandy. There, you may remember, she and Maggie wore exceptionally silly Santa Claus outfits, whilst having to tolerate the presence of the *XS* Editor and companion. Thankfully, Mandy has been allowed to occupy centre stage herself this month. Notice the way the satin background highlights the delicate tone of her skin, how her breasts seem to reflect its sheen. Imagine how it would've clashed with the *XS* staffer's checked sports coat!

Photographed by Kirton Lindsay

samantha

These pictures were shot while the gross one paid a three week trip to his refrigerator, for a quick snack. He was most annoyed to find his guests missing when he re-emerged into the real world, as he's been dying to get his hands on Samantha's thesis!



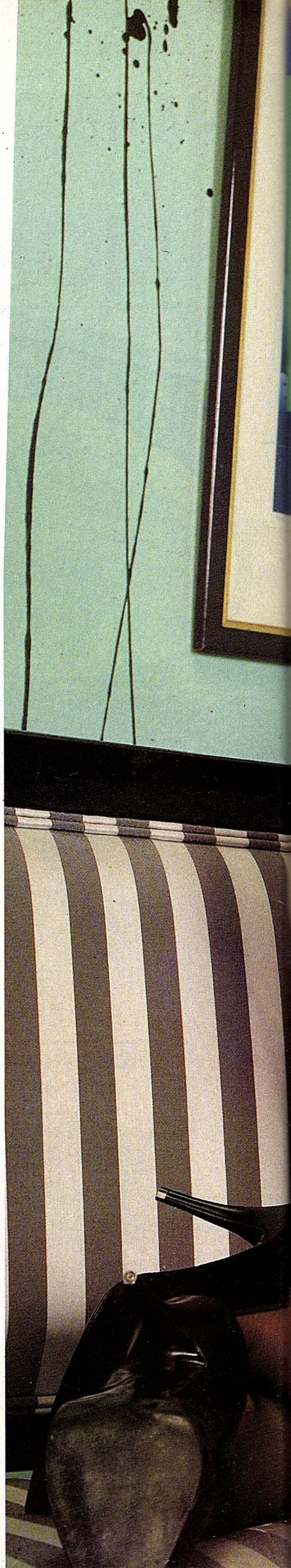
The pretty blonde is called Samantha, the location is Gutto Hall, home and castle of our legendary leader. It is to here that he invites naive women, and it is from here that they get a taxi home almost immediately, after kicking him in the groin. Samantha was quite interested to see El Gutto in his natural environment, as she studies anthropology at University, and wanted to see how the other half lived.

Photographed by Nikki Downey

AMATEUR MODEL of the MONTH

Introducing the Knave 'Search For A Star' – the 1989 Amateur Model Competition! The lovely lady you see here is our Amateur Model for this month – selected from amongst the many snap shots of hopeful models sent to Knave! Right now we're looking for our 1989 Amateur Model Of The Year – with a £750 prize for the lucky winner! Find out more on the last page of this feature..

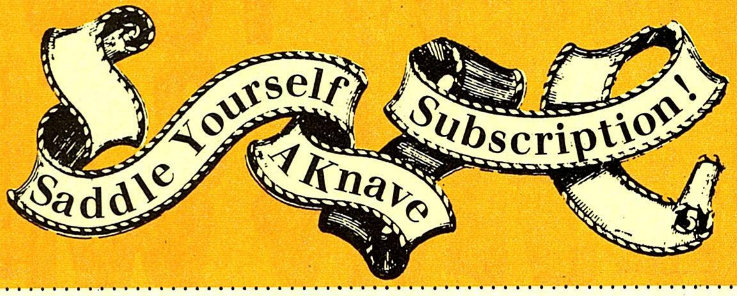
Gillian Evans



Gillian used to be a civil servant, until she decided that modelling would put an end to all that dreary paper-work. And how right she was, El Gutto only made her sign fifty eight release forms, seven tax claims... and they were only for his own use, never mind all the official paper-work! Still, it's the work she did that's down on paper here that most of us are interested in. It didn't stop El Gutto from asking Gillian if she'd like to push his pen for him.

Photographed by Dave Antony

Don't Just Sit There, Pardner!



Here's my cheque/money order made payable to Galaxy Publications Ltd., for one years subscription to Knave.

Send to: Subscriptions Dept., PO Box 369, Maldon, Essex CM9 7XD

Name ....

Address ....

.... Post Code ....

OR PAY BY CREDIT CARD.
I wish to pay by: (please circle in ink)
Please charge my account.

WHY NOT CHARGE TO DINERS CLUB INTERNATIONAL · Access · AMERICAN EXPRESS

My card number is .... Expiry Date ....

I AM OVER 18 YEARS OF AGE

UK: £21.00; OVERSEAS SURFACE/EUROPE AIRMAIL: £21.00; AIRMAIL OUTSIDE EUROPE: £40.00.

KNAVE'S GOLDEN OLDIES!

Our Back Issues Dept. can supply almost every issue of Knave published since 1983. If you have a gap in your collection — these are the issues we have in stock . . .

BACK ISSUES: UK: £1.75; EUROPE AIRMAIL/SURFACE MAIL OUTSIDE EUROPE: £1.75; OUTSIDE EUROPE AIRMAIL: £4.00.

Please send a cheque or money order in Sterling only, made payable to Galaxy Publications Ltd. (Back Issues), P.O. Box 369, Maldon, Essex CM9 7XD

Please send me the following issues: ....

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

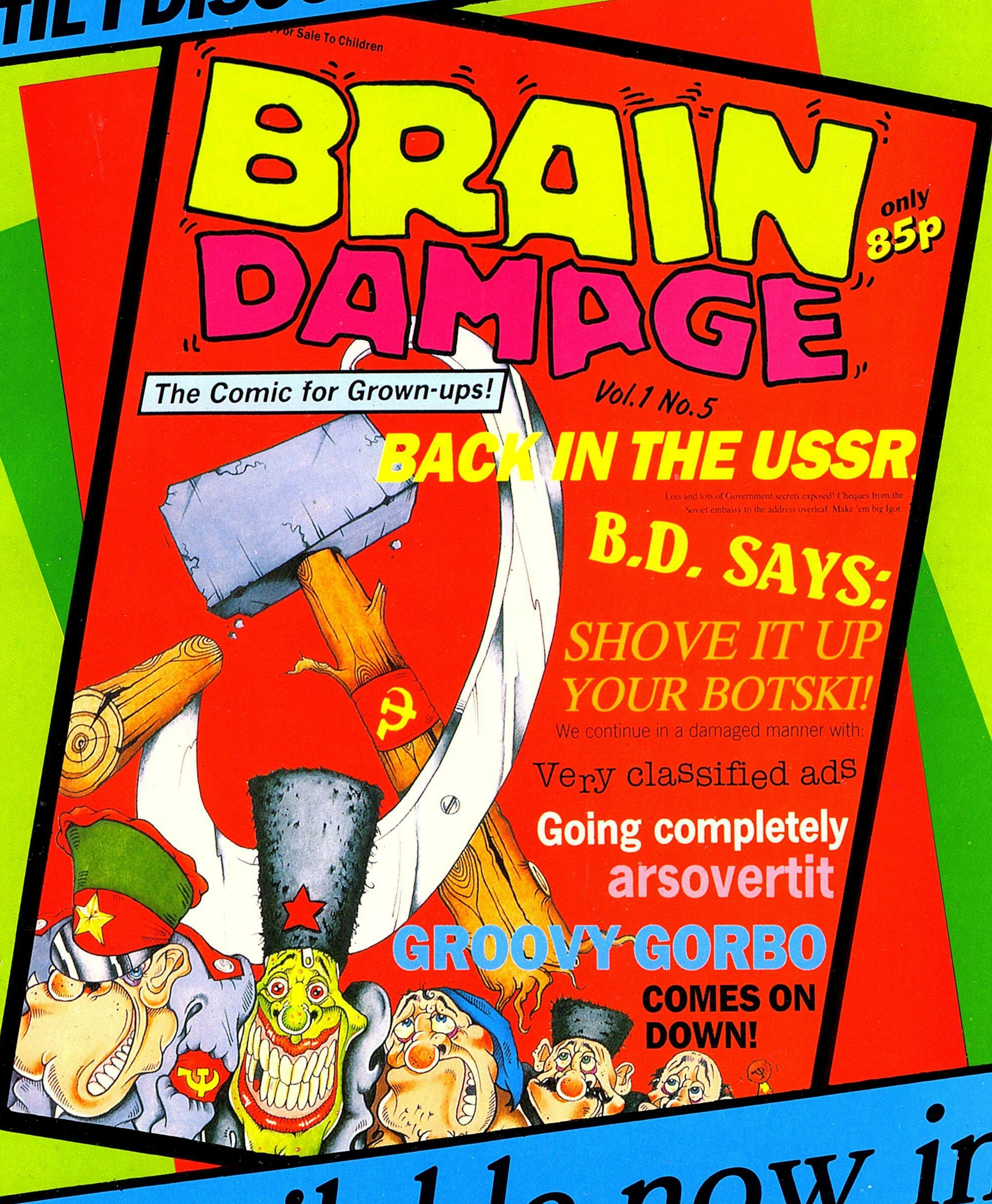
....

Best of Knave Specials 1983-1986
Knave Falklands Special 1982
Christmas Specials 1981-1988
Knave Silk & Satin Specials 1 & 2
Slug Specials 1 & 2
Penpower Specials 1 & 2
Amateur Model Specials 1 & 2

15/3 **15/7** **15/10**
15/6 15/9 15/11

All of Volume 16
(except 16/1 & 16/2)
All of Volume 17
All of Volume 18
All of Volume 19
All of Volume 20
PLUS: All of Volume 21 to date

I THOUGHT I WAS JUST A REGULAR KIND OF NUTTER UNTIL I DISCOVERED BRAIN DAMAGE!



For Sale To Children

BRAIN DAMAGE

only 85p

The Comic for Grown-ups!

Vol.1 No.5

BACK IN THE USSR.

Lots and lots of Government secrets exposed! Cheques from the Soviet embassy to the address overleaf. Make 'em big Igor.

B.D. SAYS:

SHOVE IT UP YOUR BOTSKI!

We continue in a damaged manner with:

Very classified ads

Going completely arsovertit

GROOVY GORBO COMES ON DOWN!

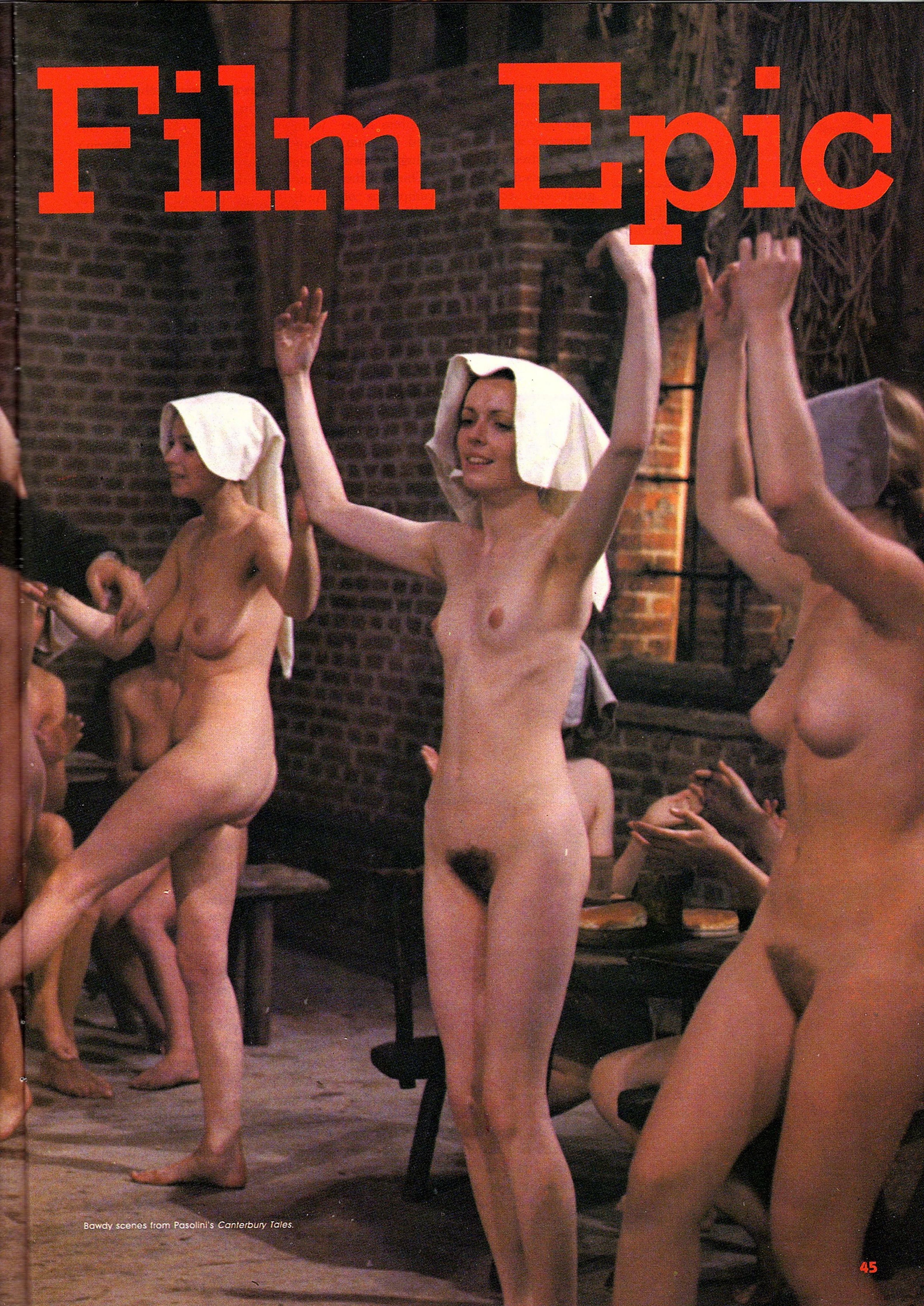
Available now in all the best places

Sex In The

From Ben Hur to Caligula, the film epic has given directors the chance to portray as much sex as they want, all in the name of historical accuracy. Over the next few debauched pages, KIM NEWMAN explores Cecil B. DeMille's rude bits, and closely inspects Caligula's orgies in this special Knave report . . .

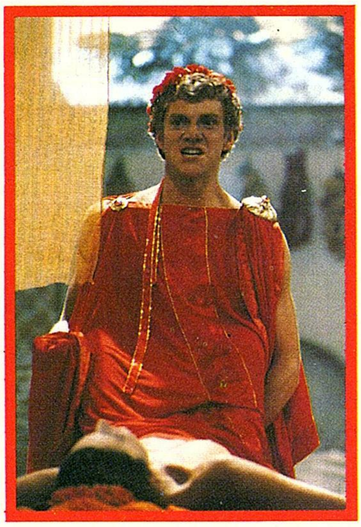
Film stills courtesy of the Kobal collection.

Film Epic



Bawdy scenes from Pasolini's *Canterbury Tales*.

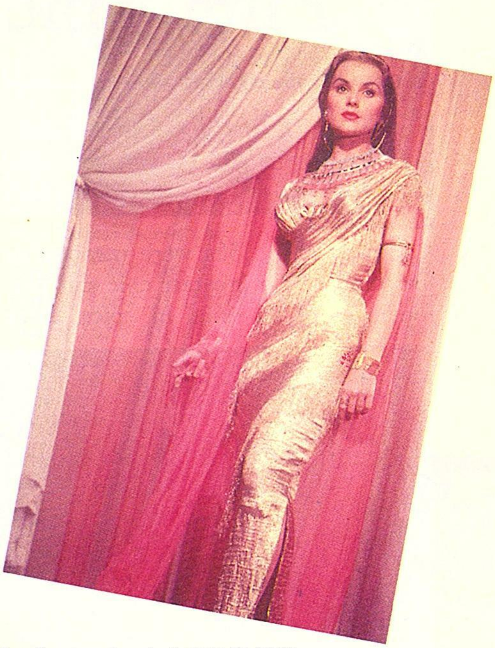
Mad McDowell: *Caligula.*



was satisfied only by the mammoth and ornate beds in which his sophisticated couples had it away.

However, when moralists started complaining about the lewdness of these frivolous flicks, DeMille struck back by turning out films they couldn't possibly object to — **The Ten Commandments** (*1924*), **King Of Kings** (*1927*) — the story of Jesus, (naturally, DeMille built up the role of Mary Magdalene and made her a glamorous courtesan rather than a cheap hooker, **The Sign Of The Cross** (*1932*), **The Crusades** (*1937*), **Samson And Delilah** (*1952*) and **The Ten Commandments** again in (*1956*). DeMille had simply made the discovery that the Bible and the history of Christianity are simply loaded with sex and violence! Still, he had to tread carefully, and had particular problems hushing up an incident in which his Jesus (H.B. Warner), was found indulging a massive drunken debauchery while still in costume with a tempting extra. In the 20's, there was much debate as to whether the simple depiction of Jesus as a character in a motion picture was sacrilege or not, and DeMille had gone out of his way to get a dignified, blameless performer for the role.

In most of DeMille's epics, the Wrath of God descends upon the unrighteous in a display of temple-crumbling and Red-Sea-Crossing special effects, but before that happens the director has to go into great detail as to just why the unrighteous deserve such a scourging. Which meant that the films had to be full of orgies, elaborate bedroom scenes, raping and murder, and sultry temptresses twisting God-fearing musclemen around their little fingers. From his comedies, DeMille retained a fondness for bedroom and bathroom scenes, although he could now do them on a proper scale, with hordes of slave attendants and incredible *kitsch* furnishings. In the early 30s, his favourite siren was Claudette Colbert, who couldn't go to bed with a man without a procession featuring 5000 extras, herds of livestock, endless chanting, naked girls dancing on the backs of bulls (!) and a cavernous set in and as **Cleopatra** (*1934*) took daring baths in asses' milk as Poppeia, the sleazy and decandent Mrs Nero in **The Sign Of The Cross**. This latter movie, not much shown these days, is one of DeMille's most over-the-top entertainments, a lavish spectacle of decadent Rome, in which sex and sadism are combined in such ridiculous arena sequences as Christians being eaten by vegetarian elephants, and naked Christian girls being sexually molested by shaggy gorillas for the entertainment of the paying customers.



Ten Commandments: Yvonne De Carlo.

Gina Lollobrigida in her prime in *Solomon & Sheba.*

DeMille made his biggest movies before the epic was swept up by CinemaScope, breathtaking Technicolor and stereophonic sound. It took all these technical advances for the form to catch up with what he had been doing naturally. The 50s were a great period for epics — **Quo Vadis** (*1951*), **The Robe** (*1953*), **Hercules** (*1958*), **Ben Hur** (*1959*) — but the makers of these failed to learn DeMille's lesson. It was important to have all the religious scenes so the film could get away with the orgies, but these movies actually took them seriously. There is nothing more embarassing in the cinema than the spectacle of Robert Taylor or Charlton Heston trying to be sincerely religious, when you know they'd much rather be putting cities to the sword or clinching with Gina Lollobrigida or Sophia Loren, and the

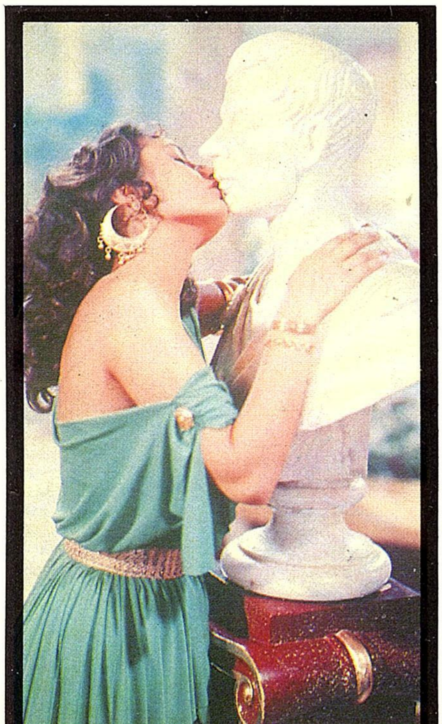
Continued on next page

Sex In The Film Epic

Continued from previous page

Something about the Epic — one of the most hard-to-define of all film genres — is innately attractive to Hollywood. It affords scope for spectacle on a monumental scale which could never be crammed onto a theatre stage, and tends to look tiny when compressed for television. Characters like Moses, El Cid, King Solomon, Hercules, and the various emperors, Viking chieftains, pirates, warlords, prophets and rebels endemic to the form literally demand to be played by monolithic screen presences like Charlton Heston, Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, Yul Brynner or Errol Flynn. And what parent or censorship pressure group can object to a film that just happens to be packed full of widescreen sex, if it is adapted from the Bible or a serious literary work? Plus, the form is wide open to the kind of press hype that goes with titles carved in stone, and hundreds of extras being crushed under dozens of chariots. Think of the great epic advertising campaigns of the past: 'They Slashed And Stormed And Sinned Their Way Across Adventure's Most Violent Age!' (**The Vikings,** *1958*), 'Greater Than *Ivanhoe*!' (**Julius Caesar,** *1952*), 'In making this film, MGM feel privileged to add something of permanent value to the treasure house of mankind' (**Quo Vadis,** *1951*), 'The Mightiest Story Of Tyranny And Temptation Ever Written — Ever Lived — Ever Produced' (**The Silver Chalice,** *1954*), 'Her Treachery Stained Every Stone Of The Pyramid' (**Land Of The Pharaohs,** *1955*).

Heston as *Ben Hur.*



Deborah Kerr statue snogging in *Quo Vadis.*

More *Canterbury Tales*: music or torture?

The Epic mode of film-making began very early in the history of the cinema. Aptly, it was the Italians who kicked the genre off — frequently using the leftover sets from the Roman Empire as a backdrop for the likes of **Quo Vadis** (*1912*), and **Cabiria** (*1914*). The Americans soon picked up on the form, thanks mainly to film pioneer D. W. Griffith, who knew when he was onto a good thing, and turned out warm-ups like **Judith Of Bethulia** before really getting into it with **The Birth Of A Nation** (*1914*) — a then-modern epic about the American civil war, which caused much controversy with its depiction of the slaves as slobbering lechers mainly interested in getting their hands on white women, and of the Ku Klux Klan as a bunch of God-fearing, upright, heroic Southerners out to protect maidenly virtue at all costs. And the monumental **Intolerance,** which combines four stories of human suffering and misery at different periods of history, and is best remembered for the vast sets of the 'Fall Of Babylon' sequence, which also contains one of the earliest orgies in the genre, as the decadent Babylonians make whoopee before the barbarians storm the place.

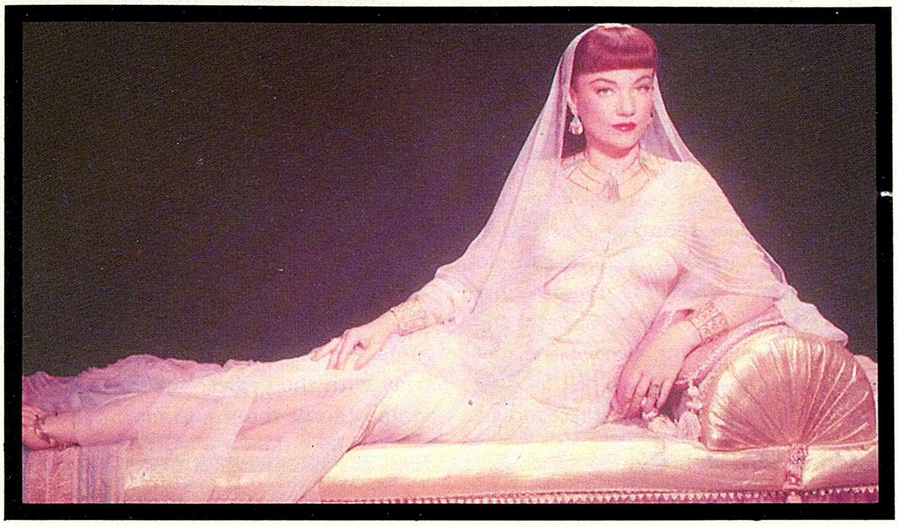
Intolerance was an expensive flop. It was too long for the tastes of the period, and frequently got reissued as four different films to try and recoup the costs of building those eighty foot high elephants in California. The man who took over from Griffith as the Emperor of the epic was Cecil B. DeMille, (the B stood for Blount, although many people who worked for him had more colourful interpretations). He stayed in his director's seat with his riding boots and megaphone for the rest of his career, carving out a special niche for himself as the screen's chronicler of ancient and awesome events. DeMille started out as a specialist in saucy comedies of marital infidelity and promiscuity with titles like **Old Wives For New** (*1918*), **Don't Change Your Husband** (*1919*) and **Forbidden Fruit** (*1921*), in which his innate desire for bigness

Sex In The Film Epic

Continued from previous page

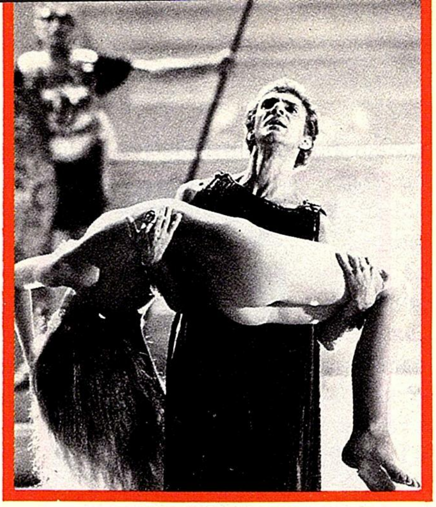
last hour of **Ben Hur**, when the chariot race is over and Heston goes into the leper colony to meet Jesus, is unwatchable.

However, the 50s were responsible for some of the greatest epic slut perfomances of all time. In epics, there are two types of women: the decent, Christian gentle types, with whom the hero would settle down in the last five minutes, and the indecent, unChristian tempestuous types who would tempt him mightily for the first two and a half hours. Naturally, nobody remembers who played the former, (although Deborah Kerr is fetchingly religious in **Quo Vadis**, and Janet Leigh is yummy as a Saxon princess in tight dresses in **The Vikings**; but the latter include: Gina Lollobrigida doing her dance in **Solomon And Sheba** (*1959*), Joan Collins scheming against the Pharaoh and getting buried alive for it in **Land Of The Pharaohs**, Rosanna Podesta's Queen being upstaged by Brigitte Bardot's handmaiden in **Helen Of Troy** (*1955*), Sylvia Koscina slavering over Steve Reeves' beefcake in the Hercules movies, Lana Turner doing her bit to keep the prodigal son from returning home, by performing a snake dance, and having people thrown into pits in **The Prodigal** (*1955*), Rita Hayworth rewriting history by dancing in order to *save* John the Baptist in **Salome** (*1953*), and Anne Baxter as the Pharaoh's wife with the hots for the hunky Jew, ('Moses, you mad, irresistible fool, I love you!' in **The Ten Commandments.**



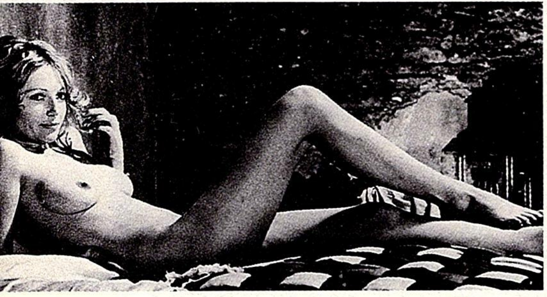
The Pharaoh's missus: Anne Baxter in *The Ten Commandments*.

One of the problems with making epics, is that they have to be shot in English, and no matter how the dialogue for the love scenes is written, it comes out sounding silly. If the ancients say contemporary things like, 'Hey, y'know, man, that Jesus is my kinda guy' it sounds stupid, while high-flown dialogue like, 'Are her lips dry and chafed like the desert sand, or soft and moist like a pomegranate?' sounds equallly silly. Even writers like Christopher Fry and Gore Vidal, who worked on **Ben Hur** couldn't lick this, and they were further faced with explaining to Charlton Heston and Stephen Boyd that the reason their characters hated each other after being best mates for years, wasn't just that Heston had become a Christian, but because at the same time he had broken off his long-standing gay affair with the liberal Roman soldier. These scenes never made it into the film, although if you look at the way Boyd smiles at Heston during the arm-wrestling you get a hint of what is really going on. Later, Stanley Kubrick faced a similar problem, when he was told after previews to cut from **Spartacus** (*1960*) the scene in which patrician Laurence Olivier forces himself on slave Tony Curtis. Furthermore, the trap of unintentional sexual humour is frequently opened up by the ancients' predilection for gay sex, as in the much-quoted moment from **Sodom And Gomorrah** (*1964*) when some of Stewart Granger's men return to camp obviously the worse for wear, and he asks what happened only to be told, 'It was a Sodomite patrol, sir . . . they took us from the rear!' Derek Jarman, perhaps aware of these precedents, took the unusual step of making his **Sebastiane** (*1978*) – the story of the gay Roman legionary who became Saint Sebastian – entirely in Latin, although the fact that most of his characters were hard-bitten soldiers forced him to come up with elegant-sounding equivalents for a variety of barrack-room oaths. Unable to think of an authentic Latin word for 'motherfucker', Jarman uses the Greek 'Oedipus' instead.



Caligula again: McDowell & friend.

Janet Leigh & Tony Curtis: *The Vikings*.



Jenny Runacre led astray by the *Canterbury Tales*.

While Hollywood epics had a certain stodginess that makes them sometimes hard-going, the Europeans – at that time a lot laxer about nudity and sex – were having more fun. Stars like Sophia Loren, Martine Carol and

Jeanne Moreau go topless in historical pictures like **Sins Of The Borgias** (*1952*), and the parade of muscle 'n' sword movies kicked off by **Hercules** managed to find room in the frame for lovelies like Fay Spain, Leonora Ruffo, Liana Orfei, Anna-Maria Polani, Marilu Tolo, Gaby Andre and Gianna-Maria Canale, as well as the hulking heroes who followed Steve Reeves to fame. Most of these pictures come from Italy again, where ancient Rome has always been a potent source of sexual fantasy. It should be no surprise, then, that Bob Guccione chose an Italian subject and director when making **Caligula** (*1979*), the first serious attempt at producing a genuine porno epic, with reputable actors like Malcolm McDowell, Helen Mirren, Peter O'Toole and John Gielgud amid the hordes of copulating extras. As written by Gore Vidal and directed by Tinto Brass — both of whom wanted their names off the finished product — **Caligula** turns out to be a good deal less entertaining even than terrible movies like **Demetrius And The Gladiators** (*1954*) — which has the same basic story — and even seemed tame insofar as violence and eroticism go, when compared with the BBC's solid job on **I, Claudius.** Again, the trouble is that the whole film has an unappealingly pompous tone that sits ill with all the humping and humiliation. It's not even worth it for Gielgud's nude bathtime suicide scene.

Spectacular partings:

The Ten Commandments.

Obviously, there hasn't been much interaction between the epic and the sex film, because the former requires huge sets, lavish budgets, and expensive costumes, while the latter thrives on getting away with spending as little as possible on anything. However, the box-office returns of **Caligula** did lead to a little flurry of rip-offs, frequently using the leftover sets from the bigger film, including **Oh Messalina** (*1978*), **Caligula — The Untold Story** (*1978*), **The Hot Nights Of Caligula** (*1978*) and **Nero And Poppeia** (*1980*). Many of these quickies actually hit the cinemas before the Guccione atrocity lumbered into view. Before that, there had been a craze for bawdy mediaeval Italian porno pictures, sparked off by Pier Paolo Pasolini's trilogy of arty, dirty movies — **The Decameron** (*1971*), **The Canterbury Tales** (*1972*), and **The Arabian Nights** (*1973*) — which led to such titles as **Forbidden Decameron, The Other Canterbury Tales, Aretino's Story Of The Three Lustful Daughters, Put Your Devil Into My Hell, Nights Of Boccaccio, Aretino's Blue Stories, The Lusty Wives Of Canterbury, Decameron's Jolly Sinners,** and **Naughty Nun** (to mention only films made in 1972, which should give you an idea how productive the Italian sex film industry is). Considering that many of these movies were made by people who must be counted as among the worst film-makers in the world, you would do well to avoid them like a plague of warts.

More *Caligula* debauchery.

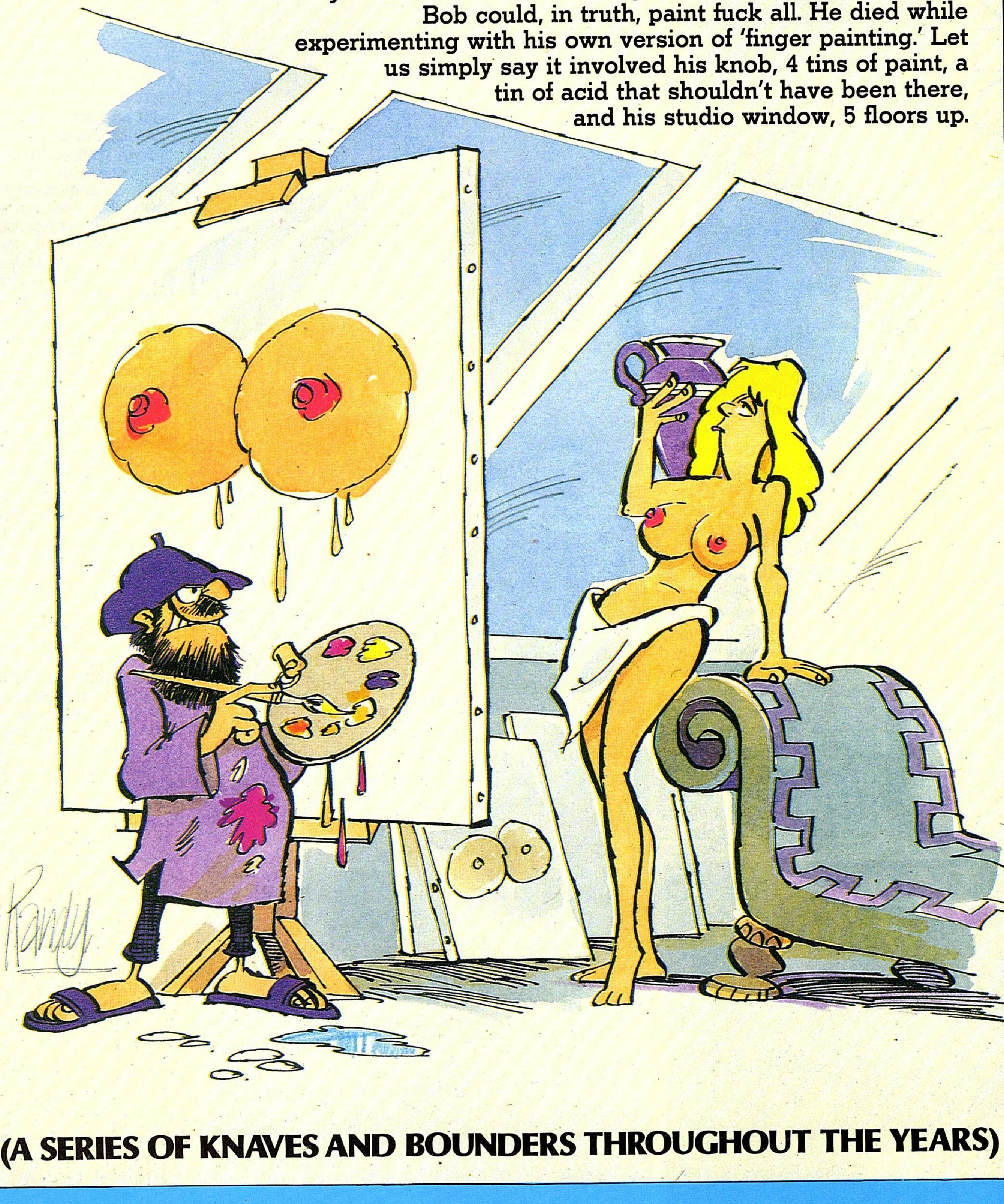
Anne Baxter with the hots for Heston: *The Ten Commandments.*

Claudette Colbert as *Cleopatra.*

KNAVEL HISTORY

Bob Da Vinci

The great Leonardo Da Vinci once said of his younger brother, "Bob? He eesa a leetle sheet-face." Old Lenny knew what he was talking about. Using his brother's name, Bob would invite models to pose in the nude for him. These young women would become suspicious on noticing the artist was as naked as they were, and that he had found an original place to hang his palatte. They became more suspicious when they heard the artist muttering things like, "Juicy beauties."
Bob could, in truth, paint fuck all. He died while experimenting with his own version of 'finger painting.' Let us simply say it involved his knob, 4 tins of paint, a tin of acid that shouldn't have been there, and his studio window, 5 floors up.



(A SERIES OF KNAVES AND BOUNDERS THROUGHOUT THE YEARS)

KNAVE COMES OF AGE!

21st Birthday Special

KNAVE

£1.95

21 SEXATIONAL YEARS!

132 PAGES OF KNAVE NOSTALGIA!

SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY SOUVENIR ISSUE

21st
KNAVE
21st
ANNIVERSARY

IT'S OUR 21st BIRTHDAY!

132 PAGES OF HISTORY!

Knave readers do it...
BUMPER-TO-BUMPER
KNAVE

Only £1.95 from your newsagent, or direct from Galaxy Publications Mail Order Dept. Plus a free Knave car sticker with every order!

A Unique Bumper Issue!

To: Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 369, Maldon, Essex CM9 7XD. Please rush me . . . copy/copies of the Knave 21st Birthday Special, at £1.95 per copy, (cheques/postal orders payable to Galaxy Publications Ltd.)

Name...

Address...

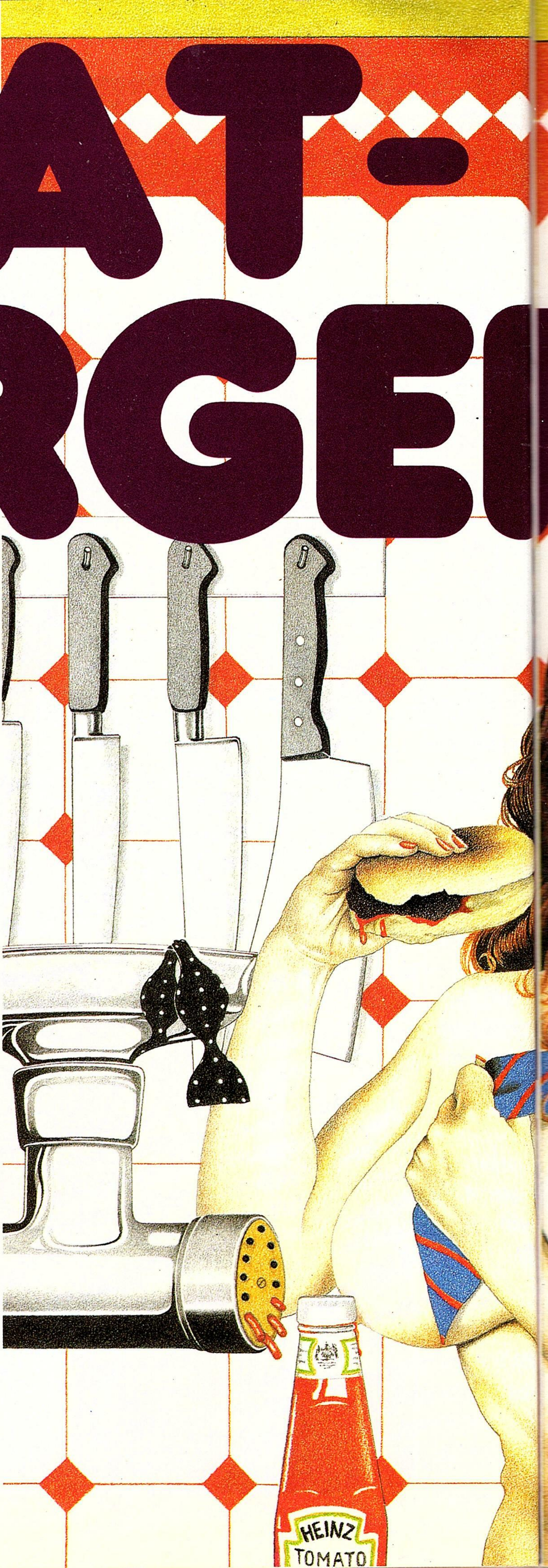
....

Post Code...

I AM OVER 18 YEARS OF AGE

21 YEARS OF GIRLS

MEAT-BURGE



KNAVE FICTION

For struggling writers, meals are often few and far between. For the hero of this CHARLES GARVIE short story, a hearty wench and a hearty breakfast prove enough to ruin his appetite . . .

When the girl with the big knockers asked him home for coffee it should have felt like hitting the jackpot. But it was only when she told him that her name was Fuchsia Saal that he finally threw his misgivings to the wind. And that was how Oliver Norville — poet, biographer and thick shit — found himself speeding through the night in the front seat of a cream-coloured MG, while his host sang loudly and tunelessly and occasionally put both hands on the wheel.

But as dark country lanes flew past, and Oliver turned from bright green to viridian, he consoled himself with the knowledge that he had just pulled off the literary coup of the century. For beside him sat the sole daughter and heir of the late, great Terence Saal — philosophical children's author, rampant vegetarian and dedicated disciple of Shaw. Saal the preacher and shaper of young minds. Saal the semi-recluse who had shut himself into his beloved country mansion with his only daughter. Saal the stricken, who had been brutally murdered by persons unknown thirteen years earlier. Saal. His passport to glory.

continued on page 77

RS

KNAVE FICTION

MEAT-BURGERS

continued from page 75

And he should have been ecstatic. The girl was delicious, she had the biggest pair of tits since Paula Page. She was his ticket to the big time. Quite frankly, perfection had never been so perfectly packaged. And yet . . .

He bumped back to the present, as the car careered through the huge gates of the Saal country estate. A stone eagle surveyed him with steely eyes as they sped up the rutted gravel drive. Overturned urns leered at him from the darkness. Waist-high grass hissed as they wizzed past, and gravel spat from beneath the MG's wheels, as Fuchsia brought it to a screeching halt before the cracked marble steps that led up to the huge solid oak door. They were here.

"Nice place," he said, as he climbed unsteadily out of the car and fought the urge to turn around and bolt. "Stylish."

"Stinks," she replied, opening the door and ushering him in.

"Right," said Oliver, as the musty smell of damp and rotting carpets delivered him a left-hook to the solar plexus. "See what you mean."

"Shhhh," she said, as the door and the last glimmer of moon-light closed into the darkness behind her, "Don't let him know we're here."

Her voice was high with surpressed excitement, and the warning bell that had been tolling all evening in Oliver's brain began to play a carillion. But it was too late, and hands were already upon him, and the dark and silent house seemed to scream out in anger.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"Fuck me here, or upstairs?" whispered Fuchsia in his ear, when she finally took her limpet-lips from his, and taking his croak as a sign of assent, she led the way up a huge staircase, into the even deeper gloom of the upper floors.

"Dark," he whispered, as he followed her up the winding flight, trying hard not to break his neck on the shreds of rotting carpet that still clung to each step. Occasionally, an abandoned white garment would gleam in the darkness, and tiny clawed feet scurried away before them on more than one occasion.

"No moon," he said, trying again, and she giggled in reply.

"Want one?" she asked, unbuttoning her skirt and stepping out of it, then flinging her Aertex — they couldn't be, could they? — knickers into the darkness. Limping up the stairs behind her, and finding himself short of breath, he almost tumbled backwards into the hungry dark when she reached the top and turned to face him.

But her kiss was like a glazier's suction-clamp, and his clothes seemed to melt away under her skilful fingers. He was lost to all that was pure, and was ready to sink into the Abyss. (The man *is* a poet, after all.)

Oblivious to the fact that he was teetering on a rotten wooden step with a thirty foot drop behind him, he clumsily removed her top, and groped for the bra catch which would unleash her cantaloupean delights. Only to discover that there wasn't one, and that her magnificent tits were contained in — wait for this — a vest. Which she obligingly removed for him.

"She lay naked on a huge maple desk, theatrically lit by a shaft of silver moonlight."

What felt like hundreds of soft fingers were wrapping themsleves around his bursting cock, directing it towards where it wanted to be, in spite of some dark thing's obvious disapproval that he was about to sink into paradise — you'll note he had avoided using the word Heaven — when she suddenly broke away from him, and skipped away into the algae-smelling darkness, chanting, "The library, the library," like a child's rope rhyme.

He followed, of course. Although he felt suddenly vulnerable without her white, light body draped over him, and ever-so-slightly foolish, as his cock bounced in front of him like a nodding dog. He wondered what they'd say at the Society of Authors, if they ever found out how he did his research, while

continued on page 79

MEAT-BURGERS

continued from page 77

the tiny wraith glimmered ahead of him, a streak of white on a green-black canvas that was trying to extinguish its light . . . And mine? He wondered.

Then a door opened like a hidden trap-door on a Ghost Train, and swallowed her up and he was alone. Alone and naked in a dark and damp old house that made Miss Haversham's seem like Playschool, and all the literary glories in the world did nothing to compensate for the shadows full of hobgoblins and the invisible eyes that watched and hated him. And for the first time in his life, the thought of the Booker Prize brought no warm glow to his heart.

"I'm wet, I'm willing. And I'm waiting for you," cried a voice. He hoped it was hers. But the walls were damp and dead-fleshy to his touch, and the darkness was pressing behind him, sodomising him forward. So he went on, hoping that the hole he ended up in wasn't a six foot deep one.

Then suddenly, in the dull, dark and soundless hall, an opening — a maw? — materialised under his furtive fingers and he sighed with relief.

It was a door. A plain and simple ordinary door. Well, ordinary for this place at any rate. Not the sort of thing that came supplied with your average Barratt job or anything like that, but a door nevertheless. Big and Gothic, and with a heavy iron bolt on the outside.

But he had entered the huge room and seen her. Lying naked on a huge maple desk, theatrically lit by a single shaft of silver moonlight — why should Barbara Cartland get all the good lines, after all? — her body a sculpture in pure white silk. The only light in his darkness. And it was the only dark in her lightness that beckoned to him, and drew him to her like a fly to a honeyed trap, and he went, his cock pulsating like a harpstring, eager to pay her in the coin she desired. And then he was in her legs, and her lips parted to greet him, and, as he rode off into the moonset, the first shards of dawn broke over the hills, and the house became still once more.

* * * * *

The sun was shining brightly through the fly-spattered panes when she finally acknowledged satisfaction, and Oliver was about to sink into grateful slumber on the desktop when she kissed him, and galloped off through a shadowy arch crying, "Hungry?"

Strip-lights immediately flickered into life, to reveal a clean and expensive fitted kitchen nestling anachronistically amidst the decay of the house, and, acknowledging defeat, Oliver stretched himself and proceeded to survey the Great Man's library while she cooked breakfast. And that was when it hit him. Smack between the eyes. For although the room was what he had expected — oak panels, huge baronial fireplace, and shelves to the ceiling on three walls — there was something missing. Something very important. Yep, you guessed it. Books.

continued on page 81

Illustrated by Ashley Hamilton Lloyd

KNAVE FICTION

MEAT-BURGERS

continued from page 79

The shelves were like Old Mother Hubbard's. Even the dusty spiders' webs were derelict and empty, their predatory tenants moved on in search of fresh carrion. Only dust, and a few discarded undergarments of Fuchsia's adorned the oaken lengths, and two steely eyes bored into Oliver's skull and hated him for seeing it.

And at last he found their owner. Above the huge fireplace, greened with damp and mildew, hung the Great Man himself, his large, angry eyes bulging with fury at the naked figure who sat upon his desk like a plucked and oven-ready turkey. "It's only a portrait, you fool," Oliver told himself, but covered his genitals anyway. "Only a fucking portrait!"

> "He was going to kill me because of my tits."

But the Great Man's eyes seemed to glow in defiance at the mere suggestion of this, and, in an effort to break the crucifying stare, Oliver called, "What happened to the books?"

"Burnt," she replied.

But the shelves were intact. No sign of violence. "They were in storage?" He tried again, and could feel the eyes laughing at his bewilderment.

"No."

"But, how . . ."

"*I* burnt them."

"You?"

"On the lawn. In box loads. Took three weeks and ruined the turf."

"But . . ."

She laughed. "Hate books," she said cheerfully. "Daddy always used to read his to me. Called me his sounding board. Read books to me when I was still in nappies full of crap. When I inherited, I took them all out to the lawn and burnt them. Lovely."

"It *must* have been quite a drag being the only daughter of the world's most famous children's author," Oliver said petulantly.

"Shitty," she agreed, unperturbed. "Hated it. Hated books, and Him."

"Check," said Oliver politely.

"Was going to kill me," she chirruped, hacking at an onion, "because of my tits."

Mad as a hatter, thought Oliver, ever-fast on the uptake — you see the type of material we have to work with — mad as a hatter.

"I was going to be thirteen," she continued, dropping the onion into the boiling, spitting fat, "and he was throwing a big party for me. He only ever let people come to the house on my birthdays. Invited his 'young readers', and the press to take photographs, and he ordered me a new white frock and little white socks and white ribbons for my hair. And the dress wouldn't fasten because of my tits. They were too big, and suddenly I wasn't his little girl anymore. So he took me out to the woods on the edge of the estate to kill me. But he was interrupted. He saw some poachers or someone. Chased them and never came back. They must have killed him, I suppose. But you know all this. But I had to manage the party all by myself. I wore a tiny skirt and tight sweater, threw out all the nutpastes and honeycakes and served meat. And I flirted with the journalists and told them about how I hated books, but they didn't print it and I was carted off to stay with my aunt, and this place was shut up. But when I turned twenty one, he was officially dead and I inherited. So I burnt his books and let his house rot. And I cook meat in his library and fuck men on his desk in front of his nose. And he doesn't like it. But I never liked his books."

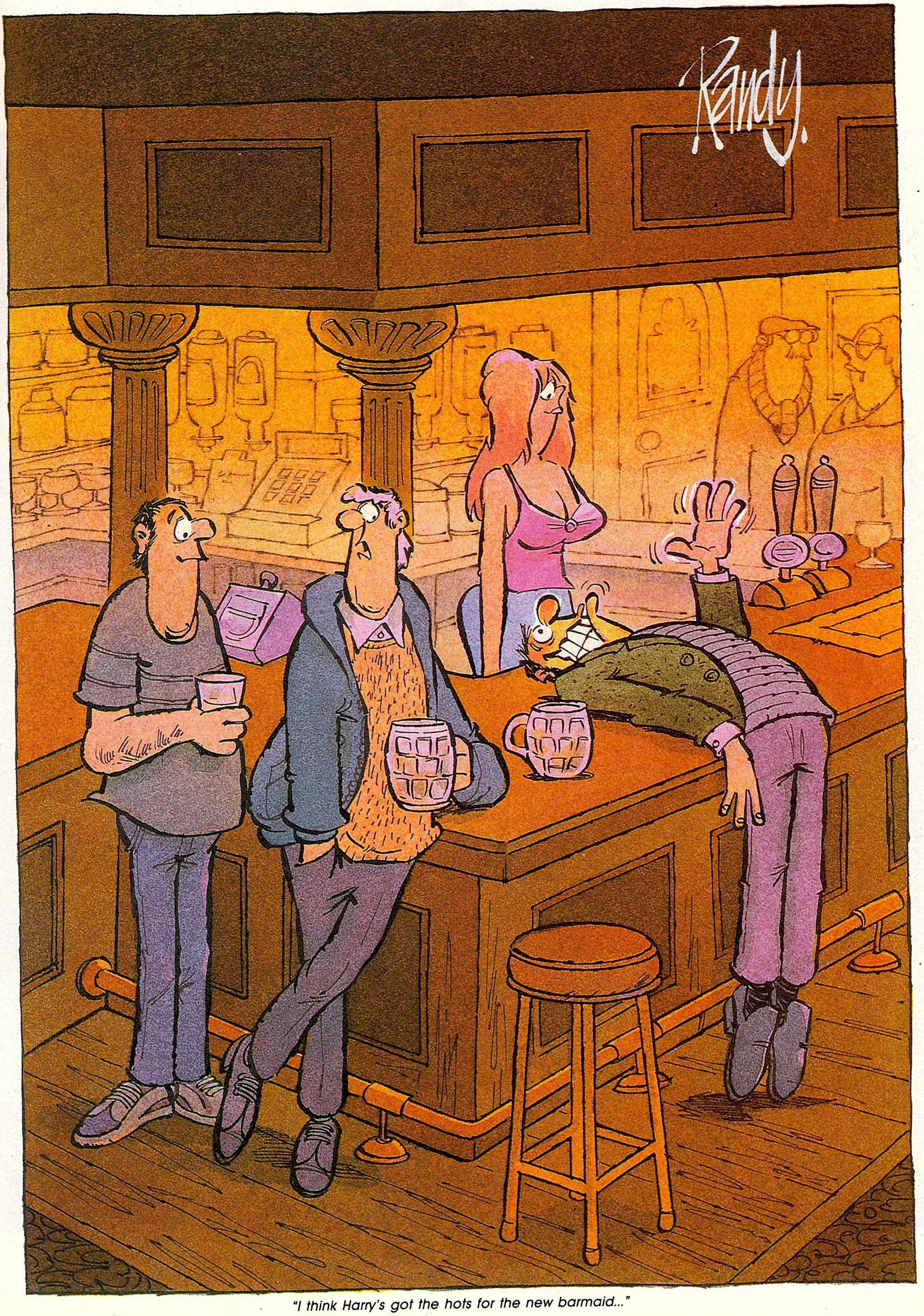
She lapsed into silence again, lifting food from pan to plate, and, to break what he thought was an uncomfortable silence, Oliver called, "What's cooking?"

"Burgers," she replied, walking naked through the doorway, her big pendulous breasts swaying over the laden tray. "I'm obsessed with them. I made burgers in the food processor for the kids to eat on my birthday. They loved them. I had to make more. It was the first time I'd ever eaten meat and I thought it was sensational. And I still can't get sick of eating burgers."

"But where did you get that meat from?" asked Oliver, reaching for his plate. "There wouldn't have been any in the house, surely?"

"Oh, Daddy provided that," she said matter-of-factly. "Mustard?"

But Oliver had suddenly lost his appetite.



"I think Harry's got the hots for the new barmaid..."

AMATEUR MODELS!

WIN £750!

THE KNAVE 'SEARCH FOR A STAR'

1989!

Wanted – the 1989 Amateur Model Of The Year! No experience necessary! We're looking for a girl who has not previously appeared in Knave, Fiesta or any other men's magazine to be the cover girl of the 1989 Knave Amateur Model Special Issue! Send us three or four nude prints or polaroids, and the completed application form. The competition closes on July 1, 1989, when we will be selecting from amongst the entrants the winner of the 1989 Amateur Model Competition!

The winner will receive a tempting top prize of £750, and will be our guest at our studio in Essex for a full day's modelling session, with a professional glamour photographer behind the camera and our make-up and hair stylist in attendance to make the lucky winner look her best!

The night before the photo session at our studio, our lucky winner and her husband or boyfriend will enjoy dinner, bed and breakfast at a top local hotel. Also, the lucky photographer who sends in the snapshots of our Competition Winner/Amateur Model Special cover girl will win a top quality Minolta 35mm. camera!

As we've mentioned, the Competition Winner will be the cover girl of the third Knave Amateur Model Special Issue, to be published in November 1989, and will appear in the centre-pages photo set in the Special. We'll also be selecting an unlimited number of second prize winners in this year's Amateur Model Competition, who will all be invited to our studio for modelling sessions for the Amateur Model feature in regular issues of Knave! They will all receive a modelling fee of £200; and whoever sends in their photographs will receive a fee of £25.

There's more! We'll be choosing some third prize winners too! We will also be publishing in the Amateur Model Special a selection of the photographs sent in for our Amateur Model Competition – so girls not invited to our studio for a modelling session will still have a great chance of appearing in Knave – and we will pay £15 for each polaroid or print published!

Remember – the Competition closes on July 1, 1989 – so grab a camera and get snapping! A career in glamour modelling could begin right here!

To: Knave A.M.C., P.O. Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

Model's Name ....

Address ....

....

Daytime Tel. No. ....

Date of Birth ....

Signature ....

Photographer's Name ....

Address ....

....

Daytime Tel. No. ....

Signature ....

Date photos taken ....